I had been ſtill a happy king of men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for *France*,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takeſt
As from my death-bed my laſt liuing leaue.
night — In winters tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
good night — And ere thou bid good to quite their griefe,
tale — Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds:
sympathize — For why, the ſenceleſſe brands will ſimpathy
my — The heauy accent of thy mooning tongue,
And in compaſſion weepe the fire out;
And ſome will mourne in aſhes, ſome cole blacke,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is changd,
You muſt to *Pomfret*, not vnto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.
King. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my throne.
The time ſhall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule ſinne gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption, thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he deuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which knowſt the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings, will know againe,
Being ne're ſo little vrgd another way,
To plucke him headlong from the vſurped throne,
friends — The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare, to hate, and hate turnes one or both
To worthy danger and deſerued death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you muſt part foorthwith.
King. Doubly diuorc't, (bad men) you violate

A twofold mariage, betwix
And then betwixt me, and
Let me vnkiſſe the oath be
And yet not ſo, for with a
Part vs *Northumberland*, I
Where ſhiuering cold and
My Wife to France, from
She came adorned hither
Sent backe like Hollowma
Quee. And muſt we be
King. I, hand from hand
Queen. Baniſh vs both
King. That were ſome
Queen. Then whither
King. So two togither
Weepe for me in France,
Better farre off then nee
Goe count thy way with
Queen. So longeſt wa
King. Twiſe for one ſt
And peece the way out w
Come, come, in wooing
Since wedding it, there
One kiſſe ſhall ſtoppe o
Thus giue I mine, and
Queen. Giue me my
To take on me to keep
So now I haue mine ow
That I may ſtriue to kil
King. We make W
Once more adew, the
Enter Duke of
Dut. My Lord, yo
When weeping made
Of our two Coſins c
Yorke, Where did
Duto. At that ſad ſt